

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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GOING AWAY.

"Going away—going away!"
Sad are these words to hear,
Yet we heed them not though day by day
They fall on our careless ear.

"Going away!" And we give the hand
With a jest or a cheery word,
Or a kerchief wave, as we watching stand,
Whilst the rolling wheels are heard.

"Going away!" to the world's stern strife
And its mingled joy and pain;
And we scarcely think that perhaps in life
We may never meet again.

Speak not lightly the word "Farewell!"
As if we must meet some day;
If may be forever—who can tell?
We are going away—away.—Selected.

THE IVORY QUEEN.

"A five star diamond," he muttered, and then, searching about, he discovered Chief Dobson's limited stock of stationery and submitted it to the same scrutiny, but without result. The police station boasted only about half a quire of the commonest paper, too common even to show the faintest watermark. Every drawer, cupboard and box Darrent examined minutely, but discovered nothing to reward his painstaking search. Then the floor, a loose board—ah! He gasped with excitement as he inserted the blade of his knife, and up it came. Nothing there? Yes; a small parcel! In an instant it was in his hands and untied—only a book! Ah, but what a book—a bank-book of a Chicago bank, and a glance at the figures showed that Edward Dobson had accumulated the respectable little balance of \$6,150 which was standing to his credit! Darrent slipped the book into his pocket, replaced the board and strolled back to the Palace Hotel.

"He must be a wonderfully clever policeman who saves over \$6,000 without getting into some dishonesty," he murmured to himself as he mounted the stairs and opened the door of his room.

"Well, we shall see."

Chief Dobson, a very plain and washed out specimen compared with the highly colored one Darrent encountered on his first visit to Norcombe, was sitting in a dejected attitude, with his elbows on his knees and his chin resting on his hands, and slowly raised his head as Darrent entered.

"Good evening," he said in a subdued voice—so subdued that Darrent almost pitied him.

"Good evening. No; don't rise. Hold up your foot, the left—thanks." In an instant he had caught the foot, glanced at the sole of the boot and let it go again, while Dobson went pale to the very lips. "That will do. Consider yourself under arrest for the murder of Josiah Marsden, and I warn you."

"My God, sir, Mr. Darrent, you don't mean it! I'm innocent! I'm innocent!"

"That you'll have an opportunity of proving to a jury."

"I swear I am. I would not murder a man. I haven't the courage."

"You were the one who walked up to The Grange and left the back way to the river. Don't lie!"

"I won't, sir; I won't. I did that, but I did not murder him. On my soul I didn't, Mr. Darrent."

"Then who did?"

"Astray Marsden!"

"Bah! That's all over. Don't try to shield yourself that way."

"But the paper?"

"You wrote it, you liar!"

"No, no! I swear I didn't! I'll tell the truth—the whole truth, sir. I'm everything that's crooked, but I ain't a murderer!"

Darrent made the wildest random shot he ever ventured upon in his life. "Josiah Marsden never wrote that paper," he said.

"Then he did, and he murdered him!"

"Who?" almost shouted Darrent.

"Silas Gosnell."

"What do you mean?"

"I'll tell you all, sir; I'll tell the truth. I swear I will; I swear I will."

"You'd better go ahead, then."

"Well, about a year and a half ago old Marsden came to my house one night to see me. He used to look in now and again, sir, just to talk. He liked me to tell him stories about the police."

"Well, go on."

"Well, he told me that he'd murdered a man."

"Oh!"

"Said he'd been over to Paris, lured him to a quiet place and stabbed him to the heart."

"I see. Well?"

"I didn't know what to do, so I asked Mr. Gosnell."

"Why?"

"Well, I let it slip in talking to him one day."

"What an awful fool you are, Dobson!"

"Yes, sir," he replied, moistening his parched lips; "I believe I am."

"Drink this," ejaculated Darrent, scarcely able to conceal his disgust at the pitiful state of the man, as he handed him a glass of brandy and water. "Now, then, go on."

"Gosnell said we'd struck it rich, and he fawned it would pan out a bonanza."

"Right. That sounds like Gosnell."

"He told me to leave it to him, and he'd make money, and we'd divide it, and we've been dividing it ever since. He used to go up to The Grange and threaten to give the old man up to justice and talk about hanging until Marsden nearly died of fright, and then he'd say how much he wanted to keep quiet. I've had \$6,000 as my share."

"Six thousand one hundred and fifty dollars, Dobson!"

"No, sir. I saved the \$150 myself," Dobson mournfully answered, and Darrent almost burst into laughter at the sudden transition from the sublime to the ridiculous.

"Well go on. Get to the night of the murder."

"On the night of the murder I was on my round, and as I passed The Grange about 1, I saw some one standing at the window. I could tell it was not Marsden, and I walked up to the door, and as I reached there Gosnell opened it."

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'Keep off, or I'll brain you.'"

"Well?"

"I said, 'it's Dobson,' and he said: 'Oh! I was just coming for you. There is been murder done here. Then he took me in and showed me the old man lying dead on the floor. He said that he came there to get some more money out of Marsden, and as he came up to the front door a man rushed out, nearly knocking him over, and took to his heels. He's back.' 'Well,' he answered, we don't want to be in this, and we'll clear out, but not the front way, in case we run against any one and get suspected. Come on. I know how to escape.' And then he took me through the conservatory at the back of The Grange, out down a flight of steps and along a tunnel to the river."

"Well?"

"Next morning I had a fearful feeling that Gosnell had done the murder himself, and I went over to his cottage about 7 and told him so."

"What did he say?"

"He laughed and said I was mad and then took a paper from his pocket, the paper I gave you, Mr. Darrent, and said, 'I found this in old Marsden's hand when I went into the library.'"

"That was the paper that accused Astray?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, go on."

"Well, he gave me the paper and advised me to say nothing about it to the authorities, but to keep it quiet, as it would be worth thousands to bleed Astray with. So later on, when the woman Gadsden fetched me, I pretended to take the paper out of old Marsden's hand."

"You're a nice blackguard, Dobson."

"Yes, Mr. Darrent, but I did not commit the murder."

"Now, then, come on," cried Darrent. "Let's see if we can find Mr. Silas Gosnell."

He began to realize that he had been too wedded to one set of incidents alone, had ignored all other clues, and while he had been forging the chains around an innocent man the guilty wretch had had time to put thousands of miles between himself and justice.

"Where does Gosnell live?"

"At a little house opposite The Grange, on the other side of the river."

"Come on. Look sharp."

Together they started off and, after looking in at the police station for a chisel, made straight for the abode of Silas Gosnell. There was no answer to their repeated knockings.

"Gone, curse him!" Darrent muttered. "Now, then, Dobson, put your shoulder to it. Go on. Now, together—ah!"

With a splintering crash the frail door gave way beneath their united efforts, and they stumbled into the cottage.

Darrent, much to the amazement of Dobson, turned on his electric lamp and made for an old writing desk in the corner. There was no need for force. Every drawer had been left open, and a pile of burned paper in the grate showed that Mr. Silas Gosnell had had a good clean out and had destroyed everything he did not require before he shook the dust of Norcombe from his feet.

A sheet or two of plain note paper lay in one of the drawers, a sheet or two with the watermark of a five star diamond, and Darrent placed them carefully in his pocketbook.

"I think this is for you, sir," Dobson exclaimed, handing Darrent a note he had picked up from the table, and Darrent as he read the superscription felt a horrible desire to kick some one, or, for the matter of that even himself, failing a better target.

"To the smart (?) detective in charge of the Norcombe murder case."

With a curse he tore open the envelope and perused the contents, written in the same sprawling hand as his note of the afternoon:

To the American Lecoq:

Really, sir, I fancy you've had a nice long sleep. Wake up and own yourself a fool. I Silas Gosnell, killed—not murdered, but killed—Josiah Marsden.

He had been kind enough to pay me an annuity, and I went, as usual, to collect my allowance on the night of the murder.

The old man was madder than ever, talked about blackmail and all that sort of thing, worked himself up into the fury of a maniac and suddenly—went bang for me with the poker, I reeled back and my hand touched a knife. I wish it hadn't, but it did. It was his life or mine. I preferred his. As to that paper, you've all been tricked. I wrote it—wrote because that soft brained ass of policeman, that old fool Dobson, smelled a rat. I thought the best thing was to give him a chance of bleeding Astray Marsden to keep him quiet. The idiot gave the whole show away.

I thought when I wrote it if anything went wrong it might be pleaded that the old man was going to write "a stranger," but I did not think such a brained young detective as yourself would take up the case and effectually condemn an innocent man.

Things are too hot for me. I'm off.

I am, my dear Lecoq, ever indebted to you for your blind stupidity, and so sign myself, always gratefully yours,

SILAS GOSNELL.

Darrent ground his teeth together in rage. He had been fooled from start to finish in this great case—he, Herbert Darrent, the famous detective, the American Lecoq.

Bah! Completely fooled by an Englishman who despised him so heartily that he had even left him a mocking letter admitting everything on the eve of his flight!

"He's in New York by this time, possibly on his way to England, but I'll have him yet if the thing is possible!" Darrent cried, striking his knee in his vexation. Hurrying to the nearest telegraph office, Darrent sent a careful description of Silas Gosnell to the chief of police of New York and then started for New York himself, firmly resolved to follow Gosnell to the ends of the earth if necessary.

Up to this point in the case he had been of any, although a bloodhound of the law, but various people had referred to him as such, but now the appellation described him perfectly. Disappointment, chagrin, wounded vanity, had given him a feverish interest in the chase of the Norcombe murderer that he had not felt before.

At Buffalo he was notified by the chief of detectives of New York that an Englishman exactly answering this telegraphed description had sailed a week before on the liner Strelasia. He learned nothing further upon his arrival in New York and about to sail for England—was on the dock, in fact—

"Extra extra! Terrible loss of life! Liner Strelasia sunk! Two hundred and fifty drowned!"

"Total wreck of Strelasia," he read, in glowing headline, fearful loss of life. And then: "A boat was picked up in mid-Atlantic by the Majestic, having on board five of the crew of the missing steam-

ship Strelasia, these being the only survivors of the ill fated vessel."

Then followed some brief personal narratives and the list of passengers, among which was the name of Silas Gosnell.

The sea had avenged the murder of Josiah Marsden. Silas Gosnell had gone before a higher court, a greater Judge.

It was useless to proceed further, consequently Darrent returned to Chicago, where he found another note awaiting him, another of Gosnell's mocking epistles:

Dear M. Lecoq—Why don't you have a look at Silas Gosnell's house by the river?

"Well, there's one thing in favor of the poor wretch," Darrent soliloquized as he placed it with the others in his pocketbook—"he didn't intend to let an innocent man suffer for his crime."

Little remains to be told. Shortly after Darrent's return to Chicago the governor of Illinois pardoned Astray Marsden, and Astray soon found himself the possessor of a snug fortune—the fortune that had been his uncle's.

Not long thereafter there was a happy wedding at Norcombe, and one of the guests was Herbert Darrent, the American Lecoq, who had not long before braided a hangman's noose for the bridegroom.

But all this was forgotten.

"Let bygones be bygones," said Astray Marsden as he heartily grasped the detective's hand.

"I am glad you are so forgiving," was Mr. Darrent's reply, "and, while this case has been a great disappointment to me professionally, I freely forgive you, Astray, for not being guilty of the murder of your uncle. We'll make mistakes, and thus far this case is my very worst. In the future I shall be more suspicious of circumstantial evidence. Here's to the health of the happy pair! May long life and happiness be theirs!"

Unexpected Opposition.

While Lord Kitchener was engaged in suppressing the Prieska rebellion he ordered the destruction of a certain farmhouse. Not seeing any signs of his orders being carried out, he rode over with his staff and found an interesting situation.

In the doorway of the doomed farmhouse stood a pretty young Dutch girl, her hands clasping the doorposts and her eyes flashing fire from beneath her dainty sunbonnet. The Irish sergeant in charge of the party of destruction was vainly endeavoring to persuade her to let them pass in, but to all his blandishments of "Arrah darlint, wisha tnow, aushla," etc., the maiden urned a deaf ear, and a deadlock prevailed.

Kitchener's sharp "what's this?" put a climax to the scene.

The girl evidently guessed that this was the dreaded chief of staff, and her lips trembled in spite of herself.

Kitchener gazed sourly at her, standing bravely though tearfully there, and turned to his military secretary. "Put down," he growled, "that the commander's orders with reference to the destruction of Rightman's farm could not be carried out owing to unexpected opposition. Forward, gentlemen."

—London News.

An Irish Horse Tamer.

It is no easy matter to quell the fiery untamed steed. "The man who can break in a vicious horse is not to be met with every day," observed a horse breeder, "and when a really good man is found he may command a lot of money."

"I suppose that an Irishman named Sullivan was one of the best horse tamers. His power was wonderful, and owners of vicious horses clamored for his services. He always performed his work in secret, causing himself and his fractious charge to be shut up together for about half an hour."

"When the signal was given, the door was opened, and the horse, covered with perspiration and trembling violently, was seen lying down, with the Irishman familiarly playing with him. The spirit hitherto so untractable was completely broken. The steed from which the boldest rider shrank to mount a child might have ridden with the utmost safety."

—An "American" Duel.

During my residence in Heidelberg a lamentable and terrible affair took place that threw a profound gloom over the university and the entire town. Two German students, having quarreled, decided the earth was not large enough for both of them to live in and resorted to the diabolical practice called the "American duel."

In a darkened room the two young men drew lots, having sworn that he who drew the black ball would commit suicide. The unhappy loser went to his room and discharged a bullet into his breast, but missed his heart and lingered for several days on his death-bed. His parents summoned by telegraph

KEITH'S NOV. 10.

The bill at Keith's Union Square Theatre next week will be one of the biggest, best and highest quality shows ever presented in any part of the world. It is phenomenal in the strength of its leading features. Henry Lee, long famous as a leading actor, has of late years become one of the great celebrities of the Vaudeville stage. He began his career in this line in London, and is now introducing his unique act to the American public. It consists of personations of eminent men of all nations and of nearly all ages, and these are said to be so true and lifelike in appearance, dress and little tricks of manner, gesture and walk, that they far excel anything else of the kind that has ever been attempted.

Another remarkable engagement just made by Mr. B. F. Keith is that of Mrs. Katherine Bloodgood, the famous contralto. She has never before sung in vaudeville, and she expects to surprise her friends and admirers by her new departure. Mrs. Bloodgood has a wonderful voice, deep, rich, sympathetic, and her high standing in the musical world may be judged by the fact that she has been one of the principal singers for four seasons past with the New York Oratorio Society, with the Knieisel Quartet of Boston, at the Worcester Musical Festival, in America grand opera, in the famous concert tours of the South and West, and in recitals of her own at Carnegie Hall and other places. She is a very beautiful woman and is known as one of the most handsomely dressed women on the American stage. Mr. Keith enables the public to hear her at popular prices instead of opera prices.

The Keith bill will also include Al Leach and the Three Rosebuds in Joseph Hart's new sketch, "Examination Day at School," Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Ellis in "An Artist's Dilemma," with the yodeling song; Leontine and Willy Colini, the novelty dancers; Albert L. Guille, the popular operatic tenor; Lew Bloom, the comic tramp; a new acrobatic act and other choice bits of "continuous entertainment."

American Humor.

In his book, "America To-day," William Archer reproduces the following as examples of American Humor:

"On board one of the Florida steamboats, which have to be built with exceedingly light draft to get over the frequent shallows of the rivers, an Englishman accosted the captain with the remark, 'I understand, captain, that you think nothing of steaming across a meadow where there's been a heavy fall of dew.' 'Well, I don't know about that,' replied the captain, 'but it's true we have sometimes to send a man ahead with a watering pot.'"

"Again, a southern colonel was conducted to the theater to see Salvini's 'Othello.' He witnessed the performance gravely and remarked at the close, 'That was a mighty good show, and I don't see but the coon did as well as any of 'em.'"

"A third anecdote that charmed me was that of the man who, being invited to take a drink replied, 'No, no, I solemnly promised my dear, dead mother never to touch a drop; besides, boys, it's too early in the morning; besides, I've just had one.'"

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besought on their knees to disclose the name of his antagonist, but he steadfastly refused and died with the secret in his breast.

The students not only excused his conduct, but praised his courage, and when his remains were taken to the railway station to be transported to a distant city they accompanied the funeral cortege with torches and music. The students claimed he was not a suicide, for he was killed in an honorable duel, and they maintained that his opponent was not accessory to his death because he shot himself. I had many argument with them and never could convince them of their extraordinary tergiversation.—Science.

BALTIMORE, MD.

When the flag ship *Cecilie*, with Rear Admiral Ernest Richard, of the French Atlantic Squadron, on board, and the cruiser *Suchel* arrived in this port last Friday afternoon, it attracted several deaf-mutes to go and inspect the powerful ship. Those who did not understand the French language, had to talk with the sailors by means of the signs. They enjoyed their inspection very much, and they said that the war ships were very beautifully decorated.

Taking advantage of the cheap excursion between Baltimore and Frederick, Messrs. Harry Benson and Harry Creager, the crack battery of the Maryland School team, came to Baltimore, to call on Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Leitner one Sunday. In the afternoon they went to Eutaw M. E. Church, where Rev. Mr. Moylan preached. After the services, Prof. Bledsoe, Principal of the Maryland School for the Colored Deaf and Blind, on W. Saratoga Street, mounted on the platform and made a short speech. He said that the Montana School for the Deaf, wanted a few laundry women, \$20 and board tempted Mrs. Mayer, of Virginia, who has been working in Star Laundry in this city, to accept the offer. She has gone. Several girls who are working in the laundry, would like to go, but the long distance from home was too much for them.

A new club was organized last Friday evening, at the house of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Feast. It is named the Baltimore Saving Club. Mr. A. E. Feast is its President; Mrs. George Leitner, Vice-President; Treasurer and Secretary, Mr. W. McElroy. Messrs. George M. Leitner, A. E. Feast and Wm. Bomhoff are Finance Committee. Entertainment Committee are Mr. Wm. McElroy, Mr. G. M. Leitner and Mrs. Geo. M. Leitner. It is in a flourishing condition at present. It has eleven qualified members.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Feldpusch have our sympathy for losing their baby, Augusta, two weeks ago. It was one month and two days old when it passed away.

Mrs. Helen Nicholson, of Atlantic City, N. J., has returned home after spending three weeks with her relatives in this city. She said that Baltimore was too lovely for her to leave here. She has been anxious to live in this city again, if her husband could get a position here.

Mr. Walter Merriek and Mr. Wm. Nordhouse were baptized by Rev. Mr. Moylan last Sunday.

Miss Ella Merriek's father enjoyed his second visit to the altar with Mrs. Moore last week for better or worse. Mrs. Moore has a deaf daughter, Jessie, who is attending the Maryland School for the Deaf now.

The Entaw M. E. Church will have an oyster supper on the 15th of November. Admission and oyster supper will be but 15 cents. The members are busy preparing and selling tickets. Ye scribble will be present at it, and will give a full description of the affair for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. No home of the deaf can be comfortable without the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. Subscribe for it now, as it always contains news from all the parts of this country. \$1 is ridiculously cheap to each subscriber.

Mr. J. L. Kampe moved his family to Waverly, almost out of the North Baltimore line, from the farthest South of Baltimore. He is now seldom seen among the deaf-mutes. The distance is the cause. MYRTLE.

The Gallaudet Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes.

This Home was established by "The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes," in 1886, on a farm of 156 acres by the Hudson River, six miles below Poughkeepsie. It has been a comfort already to upwards of forty afflicted people. Friends have rallied around this Home so that it is entirely free from debt. It is intended to receive inmates eventually from the whole State of New York. People of this class have all been educated, but have broken down in the battle of life. Several of the inmates are deaf and dumb and blind.

On Sunday night, Feb. 18th, the main building and the wing recently added for the men, were destroyed by a sudden and dreadful fire. The inmates—fourteen women and eleven men—were bravely rescued, and are now comfortable in temporary quarters in Poughkeepsie.

In addition to the insurance, it will take \$20,000 to give our silent friends another Christian Refuge. They lost all their personal effects in the raging flames. We would make them glad again as far as possible. The Trustees of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes appeal for funds to build a new and better Home.

Donations may be sent to:—

The Rt. Rev. H. C. Potter, D.D., Bishop of New York. President ex-officio, 29 Lafayette Place.

Mr. E. A. Hodgson, Second Vice-President, Station M.

Mr. A. L. Willis, Secretary, 8 Hampden St., Fordham Heights.

Mr. Walter S. Kemeys, Treasurer, 7 East 62d Street.

Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., General Manager, 112 West 78th St.

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Rev. C. O. Dantzer, 11 Mason, St. Rochester, N. Y.

Rev. H. Van Allen, Bath-on-the Hudson, N. Y.

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Saturday Evening,

Nov. 17th, 1900

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A LECTURE BY

John P. Walker, M.A.,

of Trenton, N. J.

At 755 Broad Street,

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Admission, 25cts.

This lecture is given under the auspices of the NEW JERSEY DEAF-MUTE SOCIETY. Lecture commences at 8 o'clock sharp.

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Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 15, 1900.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 103d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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One copy, one year, \$1.00
If not paid within six months, 1.50

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Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

"He's true to God who's true to man;

Wherever wrong is done

To the humblest and the weakest

'Neath the all-beholding sun,

That wrong is also done to us,

And they are slaves most base,

Whose love of right is for themselves,

And not for all the race."

It has been found necessary to reduce the size of the *Deaf World*, published at Columbus, O., because the proprietor could not make the paper self-supporting, and if he gave all his time to the publication, he must neglect the business in which he gets the wherewithal to pay the rent and grocery bills for his family. However, the paper will not be discontinued. It is quite an aggressive sheet where pure-oralism is concerned, and its editorials are frank and forceful in upholding the "combined system" of education. Why the deaf do not rally to its support in great numbers, is incomprehensible; but that has always been their peculiar way. The better educated have always given of their time and substance to elevate the less fortunate, and their pens have been busy in correcting abuses in matters educational. But the sad spectacle of the majority sitting supinely and allowing the few to do all the work, still remains the lamentable feature of the situation.

The newspaper for the deaf has all and more of the quality of usefulness that the weekly of a country town possesses. But it does not have the advantages of the country weekly, which local pride helps along by advertising, and which is constantly receiving county notices at plethoric prices per line. The newspapers for the deaf get plenty of notices, but they are all of the unremunerative kind—they cost money to put in type and print, but nothing is paid for them. Therefore, the sole source of income of a newspaper for the deaf, is from subscriptions, and the price of a year's subscription very often is but a fraction over the cost of white paper and ink, let alone the expense of typesetting, paying for correspondence, postage, and all the innumerable little items of expense which, like the little drops of water and little grains of sand, amount to quite a pile in the aggregate.

It has been said that deaf-mutes can not fulfill all the duties of citizenship, because of their affliction. The one insurmountable duty is said to be military service. Without going into an argument on this point, and demonstrating that a "silent" regiment of fighters is a possibility, and in real warfare would prove capable, courageous and skillful in the art of war, we wish to call attention to a case wherein education has triumphed over native difficulties, and produced a man who is serving his country in the Regular Army, and is now on his way to Manila. George Ferguson entered the New York Institution practically deaf and dumb. He could not speak, and what little hearing he possessed was practically useless. By years of arduous work, with the hearing tube, his sense of hearing was developed and cultivated and he was taught to speak. He was not limited to one method of instruction, either. He can spell on his fingers and use the sign-language; but, above all, he has been "restored to society" in the fullest sense of that much-quoted but seldom-demonstrated term. It is a triumph of education, of which the New York Institution may well be

proud. In this particular case—or in any other at the New York Institution—the method was made to fit the pupil. Under an ironclad policy of "one method for all," this young man's life would have been a comparative failure.

Nothing has yet had been done in New York city towards celebrating Gallaudet's Birthday—December 10th. It has been an annual fixture for ever so many years, and we hope the practice of honoring the first great benefactor of the deaf is not going to be discontinued.

DR. EDWARD M. GALLAUDET has recently been in Buffalo looking over the ground with a view to the possible meeting of the Convention of America Instructors of the Deaf in that city, in connection with the Pan-American Exposition in 1901.

Interesting Story—If True.

Three teachers of the deaf and dumb school boarded a west-bound Washington Street car recently to come into the city. The car was crowded and they took a seat well toward the front. They began at once to talk, but used the sign-language in place of ordinary speech.

"Isn't it too bad that they have to be so afflicted," said a sympathetic woman who was seated back of the teachers.

"Yes, it is," replied another. "And did you ever notice that there is often something queer with people that are deaf and dumb? They don't know always how to dress just as they should. Now look at that woman there in the middle. Just look at her hair."

The woman in the middle did not say a thing with her mouth, but talked violently to her companions about the conversation behind. All three managed to keep their faces straight. The woman whose hair had been criticised also restrained a violent longing to put her hand back of her head in order to find out what the trouble was.

The conversation in the rear went on, "Now look at this woman on the right," chirruped another one of the dissectors. "See how she wears her dress. It's too bad that people have to be deaf and dumb. They somehow can't appreciate always just what they ought to do." The woman on the right became possessed of a wish to expostulate, but her desire to have the blissful conversation proceed prevailed. A few more remarks were made and then the place where the teachers wanted to get off was reached.

Just as the car stopped the teacher whose hair had been criticised turned half way round as she was rising from her seat and said loud enough to be heard back to the last seat in the car: "Come on. This is the place where we get off." The faces of the women on the next seat became crimson and they sought to escape the looks of the teachers by looking out of the car.—*Indianapolis Press.*

[Our teachers all deny being heroines of this story—at least all do whom we have asked, and we presume all would, on account of the reference to "back hair." But the experience is no uncommon one. One of our teachers tells of a group of visitors to her schoolroom standing and making remarks about her shirt waist—which was a "lovely one," by the way—while she was talking to her class by worth of mouth. The visitors could not seem to get the idea into their heads that anybody around here could hear. One of the gentleman teachers tells of a lady visitor who stood and stared at him a full minute, and then remarked to a companion, "Hasn't he a lovely complexion?" The beauties of the complexion were then enhanced by a charming rosy tint, and the ladies concluded that there must be something wrong about everybody being deaf here.—*Silent Hoosier.*

On the evening of the tenth inst., the neighbors of Miss Coe, to the number of eighteen, gathered at her cozy home in Yates City, Ill., and sat down to a "ratification dinner." The commodious dining-room was draped with tri-colored bunting and a dozen large flags, while life-size portraits of President McKinley, Vice-President-elect Roosevelt, and Governor-elect Yates hung on the walls. Small flags formed the centerpiece on the table, and tiny flags adorned the shade of the banquet lamp.

It was a happy group that surrounded the long table, and the recent landlady McKinley and Roosevelt were the theme of the evening.

Instead of the "full dinner pail," they had full dinner tables, and the good things that they could eat, and all enjoyed the repast, while laughter and wit flowed freely.

At the end of the dinner, the guests repaired to the drawing room, where the younger people passed the evening looking at the large collection of photographs which is the hostess' pride, and the older people continued their post-election talk until eleven o'clock, when all departed after three rousing cheers for McKinley.

There were present Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Beck, Mr. and Mrs. A. Jacobs and Mr. Fred Jacobs, Mrs. Hattie Anderson, Mrs. John Newland, Mrs. Thurman, Misses Florence Nash, Ruby and Mary Newland and Maggie Anderson; Masters Harry Anderson, Reece Jones, Fred Newland and Clarence Pinegar.

A big Sunday dinner usually spoils the appetite for the Bread of Life.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Kendall Badly Beaten by Virginia.

SCORE—34 to 0.

College Incidents Briefly Told.

From our Washington Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 12.—The foot-ball enthusiasts at college are just now experiencing an attack of the blues—cause, the crushing defeat of our team on Saturday by the University of Virginia. The score was 34 to 0. Everybody expected Virginia to win easily, but not by such a large score. Virginia is heavier than usual this year, and is very fast. Besides, the usual "fix-ed-up" umpire was on hand. The team returned rather the worse for the encounter. Two men, Gielness and Morris, are going around on crutches now, and Nichols has a mashed hand. But our men all say they could have scored, perhaps, more than once had the umpire done his duty. They came very near doing so any way in the second half, working the ball clean across the field from their forty-yard line to Virginia's six-yard line, where it was lost on downs.

Virginia opened the game by kicking-off to Andree, on the three-yard line. Gallaudet worked back to her forty-yard line, then kicked ten yards, Virginia rushing back with the ball twenty-five yards, Virginia fumbled, Phelps felling on the ball. Gallaudet gained but little, and attempted a kick, but it was blocked, a Virginia player falling on the ball behind Gallaudet's goal for a touchdown.

Virginia made two other touchdowns without Gallaudet's getting a chance at the ball. But after this, Gallaudet on two occasions worked the ball for long distances across the field. The first half of thirty minutes ended with the score 23 to 0.

In the second half, only eighteen minutes of which were played, Virginia scored twice, within three and four minutes; respectively. After this a kick of Virginia's was rushed back ten yards by Andree, and then followed Gallaudet's steady rush across the field, during which Strong made one run of twelve yards.

The line up:

GALLAUDET	VIRGINIA
Nichols, Strong	right end Williams, Bride
Mather	right tackle Bennett
Norris, Garret	right guard Haskell
Lawrence	centre Montgomery
Hewitson	left guard Harris
Grant	left tackle Lloyd
Gielness	left end Hobson
Phelps	quarter back Nalle
Andree	right half back Johnson
Worley	left half back Lanford
Waters	full back Coleman
	Walker

Touchdowns, Virginia, 6; Goals, 4. Referee—Mr. Schill, Washington; Umpire—Willis of Virginia. Time-keepers, Jones Gallaudet; Willis, Virginia; Linesmen, Winemiller, Gallaudet, and Mason, of Virginia.

The Reserves played the Georgetown "Preps," at Kendall Green, Tuesday, neither side scoring, though the reserves had much the best of it throughout the game.

There was not so much interest shown in the result of the election this year as four years ago. There were the usual number of ludicrous bets made, the Democrats losing the most, as usual. In this the Co-ed were not behind the boys by any means. Some of the Democrats have been feeding the Republicans on "taffy" bon-bons and pies since Tuesday. One young lady who lost her bet could not speak to any of the boys for several days. The Democrat girls, having lost, had to entertain the students and residents of the Green with a lecture Saturday night. The choice fell upon Miss Bauman, '02. She chose the story of Rosalind as her subject, and did so well in telling it, that Prof. Draper was moved to mount the platform when she had finished, and say that if Bryan had been there to witness the lecture he would have been glad that he was not elected.

The boys carried out their bets Friday evening. There were only two or three "funny" things on the program. Some of the Democrats had to give some of the Republicans a ride around the campus in the farm cart. One Republican had to give another a ride in a wheelbarrow, simply because McKinley carried Pennsylvania. Nearly all the Democrats had to give a broom drill on the walk before the chapel.

A new arrival, McRaven, of Arkansas, has increased the numbers of the Introductory Class.

W. E. Marshall, '04, spent Saturday visiting in Baltimore.

Fisher, '01, has resigned as President of the S. N. D. C., and has been succeeded by Morris, '01.

The students held a meeting Monday, and appointed a committee consisting of one member from each class, to arrange for this term's dance. It will probably be given some time during the first of December.

Neesam, '04, is just now on the

sick list. He will probably not be able to play football again this season.

R. S. T.

WAYSIDE TALES.

AND A REPLY TO J. S. R.'S QUERY.

Of old sang an epicure:—

"Fate can not harm me, I have dined to-day."

We wish that all the readers of the JOURNAL might fare as well as we have fared to-day.

Having eaten all we dared at an unusually inviting table, read the daily paper and a number of clippings sent us by an old schoolmate, taken a nap on a comfortable couch with the November sun shining in upon us through two south windows filled with plants, and spent more than an hour with people from all over the world—who had been routed from their hiding place in a drawer of our secretary. We sit down, munching a winesap apple of our own raising, and feel fully in the mood for responding to the request just received from a northern friend. "Let us have some more of your stories in the JOURNAL."

Nothing lends our pen such ready wings as the assurance that what we write affords pleasure to some one who reads, be the pleasure ever so little.

Thanks to that same friend for a hint about a half forgotten incident of years ago. At a ball which we both attended, a *passé* old beau persisted in offering his attentions to a *petite* blonde and to a tall brunette, and begging a waltz or a two-step first with one, then with the other. The tall one knew him from of old, and after the grand march with him, declined to give him any more numbers on the program.

The blonde, not so well posted as to his accomplishments, accepted him for her partner, but after vainly endeavoring to keep step with him, suggested that they give it up. With admirable nerve, the faded old beau remarked: "I do not care for dancing myself; I only wished to afford you some pleasure."

Considering that to quote the brunette, he "danced like a forked stick," and a top-heavy one, at that—the little lady found the temptation to laugh in his face well-nigh irresistible, but with admirable control over her risibles, she gazed up into his eyes and said innocently, "How kind!" And that faded old beau still thinks he can dance, and wonders why the girls are so shy when he approaches them at a ball.

Boys, let me give you a piece of advice carved out of plain horse sense.

Unless you can dance decently and according to the prevailing mode, do not ask a lady to dance with you. It is very humiliating to a lady to go upon the floor, with hundreds of eyes upon her, and find that her partner dances with the old, bob-up-and-down, hop-skip-and-jump step of a decade ago, and that her only hope for keeping in step with him is to do likewise. We had to laugh at the indignation with which a lady attending a convention some two years ago, boiled over and complained to her friends after a waltz with a gentleman of the cloth.

"The old stupid does not know how to dance. Why, he bobbed up and down like this," imitating his step. "And informed me that he could turn only one way, so I had to follow his lead, and I felt like a fool! Of course every one thought I could not dance, and I got no more invitations."

Considering the fact that she almost walks through a waltz, and has been spoken of as a stately dancer, she was perhaps excusable, but at the time her wrath was comical, and to this day she declares that that man will never get another waltz with her! Remember, boys, that the waltz-step and other steps change from time to time, and if you dance at all, try to keep up with the times. Many ladies depend upon their partners to "set the pace," and you have no right to subject any lady to needless embarrassment and humiliation. If you want to dance, practice, and do not wait for a ball to do your practicing. If you are stiff in your joints, better not try round dances; content yourselves with quadrilles. Don't be forked sticks, and don't be jumping jacks either.

And speaking of "a gentleman of the cloth," reminds us of a story that has been frequently told, but which we have never seen in print. So here goes, and may we be forgiven for telling it in the columns of the JOURNAL.

It happened a good many years ago. The Rev. Job Turner visited a certain school, and called upon the head teacher of the academic department. That gentleman greeted him cordially and offered him a chair. The little minister sat down, assumed a characteristic attitude, and allowed his dignified gaze to wander over the class, expecting his advent to create some stir. But the pupils had evidently never seen him before, and after noting that he was deaf, went on with their studies in unconcern.

After a moment or two, Mr. Turner waved his hand and asked if they knew who he was. All who saw him ask the question, shook their heads quietly. With quite a little flourish, the visitor announced "I am the Rev. Job. Turner," and rounded it off with a bow and a sweep of the hand which seemed to say "and I hope you appreciate the honor of seeing me." The class happened to be largely composed of semi-mutes, many of whom had been pretty well grown-up ere deafness overtook them. One of these turned quickly to another, as Mr. Turner announced his name, and exclaimed, "Job's turkey! is it possible?" and all the severity that the teacher could throw into his look could not stop the shout and the prolonged laughter that followed.

We have "joined in" with the rest of the victorious Republicans of this locality in celebrating the triumph of sound sense and sound money, and attended two feasts whereat we noted that nothing "fell short." We wot of a feast that was spread, "once upon a time," as the story-books say, where a little miscalculation on the part of the hostess caused an embarrassing situation.

In honor of a particularly dear guest from a distance, invitations were sent out to all the deaf citizens who were "in the swim" to attend a dinner party at the house of the lady—nameless here, forevermore.

Forgetting that it was a factory town, and that some of her guests were factory employees, who were likely to bring their appetites along, the lady spread a dainty repast. The guests arrived, and in due time surrounded the prettily-arranged table.

Soon the more solid viands disappeared before the onslaughts of the factory men, and presently one of them boldly called for more bread. "There is n't any, it's all gone!" exclaimed the embarrassed hostess, "I thought I had enough," and there was a drop in the mercury that made the guests feel decidedly chilly for a moment or two. Then the guest of honor suggested to the seeker after more bread, that some dainty little cakes would do nicely in place of bread and the feast went on. "And nobody said nothing."

And the subject of bread brings up another little tale that it may be mean to tattle, but then—it's really too good to keep. A lady who is pretty well known in deaf circles in the middle west, upon assuming the cares of a *haus-frau*, tried different recipes for bread-making with but indifferent success, and was becoming discouraged. Finally she found a recipe in a newspaper that was so different from the others that she decided to try it. To her great delight, her bread proved to be all that she could desire, the loaves rising high and light, and baking a "lovely" golden-brown. Before deafness overtook her, she had been quite a regular attendant at Sunday School and church, and occasionally hums snatches of the old hymns and songs yet. Bearing her bread-pan proudly aloft, she bore it into the dining-room, unconsciously humming, "This is the way I long had sought, and mourned because I found it not."

This same lady is quite touchy regarding her deafness, and any reference to her as "a mute" arouses her wrath.

On one occasion, she was chatting with a young lady who had a deaf brother whose English required much revision, and in the course of their conversation, the deaf lady said something, in fun, as hearing girls often do, "putting the cart before the horse," but purposely, not accidentally.

Instantly the young lady with a deaf brother interposed with, "Excuse me, but you should say—"

Fire snapped from the eyes of the deaf lady, "And you think I did not know any better!" she gasped, then she gave the surprised sister of a deaf brother such a large slice of her mind, that finally the latter young lady said humbly, "You are more like a hearing person than any mute I ever saw." But the word *mute* only added fuel to the flame, and the deaf one retorted, "Mute! I am no mute. Haven't you heard my tongue wagging for the last half hour?"

J. S. R. asks in a recent letter why it is that so soon as a deaf couple settles down to married life, going to church is neglected. We have noted that, together with a good many other things that are not to the credit of the deaf, and we think the explanation is this. A great many who go to church, go there chiefly to meet the rest,—much as they would go to a social gathering.

The religious exercises are merely the prelude which they must sit through before enjoying the social reunion to follow. Note how many drop in just before the close of the services. Is it not a fact that many purposely arrive just in time to join in the greetings that always follow the benediction?

The church is made a sort of trysting-place or rendezvous, where the young can meet, chat, and arrange their plans for the rest of the day, or future meetings, and while we should rather they came to church, from whatever motive, than that they went elsewhere, still, we wish that they could take sufficient interest in

the religious exercises to come for them, and come early.

We often argue that of they only come, even if it be with the hope of meeting friends instead of for spiritual advice and comfort, it may be that some chance words of the minister may sink deep into their hearts, and eventually lead them to attend for the sake of the sermons. Let us hope so.

Of course, when young people go to church merely to meet each other their marriage removes their motive for going, and they remain at home together, or a late dinner makes it hard for the wife to get ready in time—and so they drift away from the church. But this ought not to be. It is a beautiful sight to see a husband and wife sitting side by side in church every Sunday, giving earnest attention to the words of their pastor, and certainly it does them good, making them stronger, more courageous and trustful in the battle of life, which they must wage together.

The habit which prevails among so many of the young people, and especially among the boys of nearly all of the churches of the deaf, of congregating on the back seats and talking and laughing during services, can not be too strongly condemned.

It suggests the saloon rowdy, the chronic loafer and dead-beat, the all-around tough and good-for-nothing. We certainly look for no manly boys, or boys, who are to make their mark in the world, among those disturbers of religious exercises on the back seats.

We are sorry to say that there are some girls, who talk and giggle entirely too much in church, too. We vividly recall one Sunday afternoon, when a young woman with a doll face and "Ain't I sweet?" air, was called upon to sign a hymn. At the close of the rendition, her admirers *clapped their hands in applause*, as if it were at a theatre or concert and the young woman smiled and simpered. We looked about us, dumbfounded, and saw a hearing lady, who was there with a semi-mute friend, gasp and exclaim in horror—"In church!" and she looked as if she were meditating an escape from such a crowd. Such conduct is abominable, and we earnestly hope we shall never see a repetition of it.

SMITH.

FROM BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Mr. Michael O. Driscoll, of Danville, Pa., has gone to Millersburg, to accept a position in a shoe-factory in which a number of deaf-mutes work.

Miss Katie J. Bowsowsky, of Shamokin, Pa., and Mr. John Meyer, of Lancaster, Pa., were united in marriage, last month. We wish them a married life of continued prosperity.

Mr. Thomas Nankivell, of this city, made a pleasant call at the house of Mr. Frank Detweiler, in Danville, one Sunday. He is a tailor and has a steady position.

Mr. Henry M. Kline, of Sunbury, Pa., and Mrs. Thomas Clark, of Northumberland, Pa., went to Bloomsburg last month, and visited Mr. and Mrs. Sam Andrew, during the fair.

Miss Jennie Lunger, of near Benton, Pa., is suffering with a complication of diseases. She may recover.

Mr. Geo. Barker, of Berwick, has been employed at the big Rolling Mill for a number of years. He has a mute wife and two children.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam. Andrews are happy over the arrival of a boy baby last month. Sam contemplates building a new home. He is a tailor by occupation.

Chas. W. Houpt, of Milton, Pa., left Hanover, Pa., for Sunbury again, to work with the Snyder tailoring establishment.

Mr. John Davis, of Shamokin, Pa., is in Michigan now, and has obtained employment with an electric house. Success to him.

Mr. John P. Detweiler, of Danville, was in town last Saturday.

REPORTER.

ARTZ, PA.

Jacob Stood, of Artz, Pa., who graduated from Kansas Deaf-Mute School, has been spending the greater part of seven months with his uncle and some relatives in England. He arrived at Artz, last Wednesday.

Miss Lizzie Artz is spending a few days with her child at Pillow, for the benefit of her health.

Two weeks ago John Harrin, E. Pambuck, Charles Artz, William Lawkey and John Scott, returned to work again at Good Spring Colliery, after three and a half weeks on strike, with an increase in wages.

Miss Eliza Brua, who is a deaf-mute and sixty-seven years old, never went to school. She returned last Monday to Pillow, Dauphin Co., after spending a few days here as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Artz.

Ezra N. Schwalm has returned to his home at Hegins, after a pleasant visit to friends here.

Misses Mary Miller, of Western Pennsylvania, and Katie Keppler, of Haas, are being pleasantly entertained by friends here.

C. E. H.

HARTFORD, CONN.

It was Republican day in this city, on Saturday, November 3d. The same afternoon many thousand persons were on the streets, when the various organizations were formed for the parade. There were over 14,000 in the procession, and the procession was about four miles long. The following six deaf-mutes participated in the parade: Prof. W. H. Weeks, Messrs. Fred Rock, J. Muth, M. O'Brien, W. Barrows, Koch, of New Britain, Ct.

Mr. George E. Strout, of East Hartford, who was sick with typhoid fever in the Hartford Hospital, as reported in this paper three weeks ago, is very much better, and is at home with his family now.

Some weeks ago Mr. Henry A. Wise, of Simsbury, Conn., whose right eye troubled him for a long time, had the eye operated on in the Hospital, and the cataract was taken out, and his sight was recovered. He was confined to the hospital for two weeks. Thursday, November 8th, he visited the school for the deaf, and then went to East Hartford to make Mr. Geo. E. Strout a friendly call. He and Mr. Strout were patients at the same time in the hospital. Mr. Wise, having pursued his education for nine years in the School for the Deaf, graduated in June, 1864.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

NOVEMBER 18TH, TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY, AT 3 P.M.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, N. Y., Rev. C. Orvis Dantzer officiating.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn. Trinity Church, Newark. Holy Communion.

St. Peter's Church, Port Chester.

Thursday, November 22d, 8 P.M., meeting of the Guild of Silent Workers in Guild-room of St. Ann's Church.

Deaf-mutes of Paterson, N. J., and vicinity, are invited to attend service in St. Paul's Church, on Sunday, November 25th, at 3 P.M.

Deceitful Man.

Two men were standing together in a postoffice. One of them happened to notice that a postcard held in the fingers of the other was addressed to the holder.

"Why, what does this mean?" he asked. "Do you address letters to yourself?"

"In this case, yes," was the answer.

"That's funny."

"Well, not so very. See the other side."

He held it up, and the other side read: "Brother Blank—There will be a meeting of the I. O. O. S. B., No. 387, at the hall to night to transact special business. Members not present will be fined \$10. J. B. Secretary."

"Yes, but I don't exactly catch on," protested the innocent.

"Oh, you don't! Well, I got the cards printed myself. The society is all a myth. When I want to go out of an evening, I direct one of these cards to my house. I reach home, and my wife hands it to me with a sigh. I offer to stay home and stand the fine of 2 guineas, but of course she won't allow that. That's all, my friend, except that the scheme is worked by hundreds of others, and the poor, deluded wives haven't tumbled to it yet."

HOW THE BURMESE MAKE FIRE

One day a Burmese messenger brought me a note. While he was waiting for reply, I observed an object something like a boy's popgun suspended around his waist. On asking what it was, he showed me that it was an implement for producing fire. It was a rude example of a scientific instrument employed by lecturers at home to illustrate the production of heat by suddenly compressed air. A piston fitted the tube; the former was hollowed at the lower end and smeared with wax to receive a piece of cotton or tinder, which when pressed into it adhered. The tube was closed at one end. Placing the piston at the top of tube, with a smart blow he struck it down and immediately withdrew it with the tinder on fire, the sudden compression of the air having ignited it. I was so much struck with the scientific ingenuity of this rude implement, that I procured it from the Burman and sent it to the Asiatic Society of Bengal, with a short description of its uses.—*Sir John Dwyer.*

Teacher—Now, Tommy, give me a sentence, and then we'll change it to the imperative form.

Tom—The horse draws the wagon

"Now put it in the imperative!"

"Git up."—Ex.

The largest egg is that of the ostrich. It weighs three pounds, and is considered equal in amount to 24 hens' eggs.

Chinese proverb: Free-sitters at the play always grumble most.

NEW YORK.

Good Basket Ball by the "Silent Five."

DEAF - MUTES AT FOOT BALL.

Brief News Items.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

Two game were played at Dr. Savage's gymnasium on Saturday night. While one was of the one-sided order the other was close enough to suit anybody. The Alliance team of New York and the Progress five of Brooklyn furnished the "curtain raiser." The New Yorkers won by a score of 43 to 1. The team known as the "Silent Five" of Brooklyn, then lined up. The first half was a corker, and it took the best efforts of the "Silent" players to score 8 points against 7 for the Nationals. Grundy and Ruers for the latter team did great work in the next half, but the "Silent Five" were hustlers, and the fine goal throwing of Rappolt and McVea won the game for them by 25 points to 17. Following was the line-up:—

SILENT FIVE.	POSITIONS	NAT. A. C.
McVea,	Right Forward	Jagers
Rappolt,	Left Forward	Jackson
Avens,	Centre	Grundy
Prinzling,	Right Guard	Reuss
Muench,	Left Guard	Moelsin

Goals from field—McVea 2, Rappolt 3, Avena 2, Jackson 2, Reuss 3. Goals from fouls—Muench 3, Reuss 1. Referee, G. M. Troutman, all N. Y. Team. Umpires, Mr. Stark, Nat. A. C., and Mr. Fisher, C. C. N. Y. Timers, C. W. Van Tassel, of Fanwood and Mr. Barker, Nat. A. C.

The team played with two out-of-town teams recently, winning both. One was with the Atlantic A. A., of Rockaway. Score—Silent Five, 16; Atlantic A. A., 14. The other, Silent Five, 25; St. Joseph, Pater-son, 23.

The Lexington A. A. (deaf-mutes) have gone through the experience of the hardest battle they ever fought on the gridiron this season, which was with the Seaside A. C. (the 110-115 lb. champions of Greater New York), at Staple-ton, S. I., on Election Day. They played two halves of 20 and 15 minutes, respectively. In the first half, there was little or no excitement, and it ended in the score of 6 to 0 in favor of Lexingtons. Bernhard made the touchdown.

The second half was marked by the fine defensive play and skill shown on both sides. The opening of this half witnessed the great feature of the game—the ninety-five yards run of Fricken, by which he made a touchdown for the Lexington A. A. Bernhard, after steady plunges, made another touchdown, and Little kicked three straight goals, for which he deserved much credit. Score for second half—Lexington A. A., 12; Seaside A. C., 0. Final score—Lexington A. A., 18; Seaside A. C., 0. The Lexington A. A. have therefore won the 110-115 lb. championship of Greater New York. But who knows how long they will hold it?

The line-up was as follows:

LEXINGTON A. A.		SEASIDE A. C.	
Fricken	left end	H. Burn	
Wolff	left tackle	J. Buller	
Miller	left guard	C. Bolensack	
Balmuth	centre	H. Kehoe	
Stern	right guard	J. Byrne	
Gilbert	right tackle	M. Orne	
Darrell	right end	W. Jones	
Eisenberg	quarter back	H. Hollis	
Bernhardt	right half back	J. Stein	
Little	left half back	F. Cole	
Miller	full back	F. Bice	

The annual election of officers of the Brooklyn Guild is approaching. The presidential bee hovers around Herman Beck's head and interferes with his sleep. Hugh Conlon and Robert Rusk are interested and will take anything. Billy Moore would like to be secretary, but fears the rivalry of Leo Greis and W. Gilbert, who have many friends. John Dunlap and Henry Juhring are said to be candidates for treasurer, while Ecka would make a good sergeant-at-arms.

Tickets are selling fast for the entertainment to be given by the League of Elect Surds, at Lyric Hall, on December 6th. The play, written by Mr. Fox, is an excellent one, and rehearsals are bringing it to a state of perfection. There will be no dreary slowness when it is performed, and the situations and lines are quite humorous. Moreover, unlike many of the funny plays, it has a well-defined and easily-followed plot in it.

The contributions of money for Thanksgiving dinners for the needy deaf-mutes are quite encouraging, but more is needed. It can be handed to any of the members of the Guild's Committee—Rev. Dr. Chamberlain, Mrs. Susan Knox, and William Scott Abrams.

The grandmother of Miss Martha Jaycox died, last Friday, at an advanced age. She had been failing for a long time, and old age was the cause of death. The interment was at Kensico Cemetery, on Monday, November 12th.

The lecture given by Rev. Dr. Chamberlain last Thursday, was attended by only nine persons, three of them ladies. His subject was "Citizenship," and deserved a full house.

Miss Katie Rogers, of Toms River, N. J., who was educated at the old 50th Institution, is gradually becoming blind. She is eighty years old.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet has secured steady employment for three deaf-mutes, who had long been living in enforced idleness.

Mr. and Mrs. Hahn, about whom mention was made last week, do not live in Brooklyn, but in Passaic, N. J.

The recent Hallow Eve party in the Guild Room of St. Ann's, netted \$12 26.

Youngstown, O., and Vicinity.

Dr. E. M. Gallaudet's Address before the Paris Congress last Summer on "What is Speech Worth to the Deaf?" printed in your issue of October 18th, was read with interest hereabouts, and all agree that Dr. Gallaudet's views on the subject are sound, and hopes are entertained that eventually European teachers will agree, and the Combined System will be as much used in Europe as it is in America.

Mrs. Governor came near falling victim to sharks. Her husband, who was a carpet weaver, was killed by an Eastbound train on the P. & W. Crossing in Niles, Ohio. Suit was brought for \$100 damages and granted by the Court, but the company stated that the indebtedness had been wiped out, as they had defrayed funeral expenses, fees, etc. Now Mrs. Governor has to work for her living.

William Smith, a well-to-do farmer, of Cornersburg, five miles South of this place, this season raised over one thousand bushels of potatoes. For the past four years he has raised between 1000 and 1500 bushels of potatoes, and wants to know if there are any deaf-mutes farmers who have equalled or surpassed this record on fifty acres of land.

John Smith, one of the sons of William Smith, recently started in the milk business and is meeting with success. William Smith and his wife were pupils of the Columbus (Ohio) Institution for the Deaf, before the Civil War.

Miss Annie Williams is well known among the deaf here. She used to live in Hubbard, O., but of late has been assisting an aunt of hers in managing a boarding house in this part of the country.

John Whalen has returned to work for the Republic Steel & Iron Company.

Ira Crandon has not been seen or heard of since last August. His friends are wondering what become of him.

Ralph King, a former pupil of the Columbus School, is now living in the "Wilds" of Howland County. It is stated that by the death of his father a few years ago he came into possession of a portion of the old man's estate.

J. Oatley Strickland, another deaf-mute, has spent all his days in Bristolville, Ohio, a place not frequented by any deaf-mutes. Since the death of his father, he has lived there alone with his sisters. His nearest neighbor is Mr. John Kibbee. He would be glad if deaf-mutes would pay him a visit once in awhile.

Nov. 5, 1900.

P. S. M.

NOTICE.

On Thursday evening, November 22d next, Prof. Edward P. Clarke, of the New York Institution, will deliver a lecture at the rooms of the Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes, in St. Mark's Chapel, Adelphi Street, near De Kalb Avenue. His subject will be "Utah and the Mormons." As the professor lived in Utah for a number of years, he will speak from experience, and his lecture is bound to be interesting, instructive and amusing. Prof. Clarke is a good sign maker, and this occasion will be worth attending. Doors open at 7:30 P. M. Lecture begins about half an hour later. Come early and secure the best seats. Admission, 15 cents.

GEORGE L. REYNOLDS.
LEO GREIS
JOHN WILKINSON.
Committee on Lectures.

Mrs. Chas. A. Chatham, of Altoona, Pa., was given a pleasant surprise on her birthday, Thursday evening, November 8th, at her home. Those aiding in making the occasion a very enjoyable one were Mr. Chas. A. Chatham, Mr. Geo. E. Chatham, Miss Susan Criste, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Otto, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Chatham, Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Corbin, and Mrs. Charles Renner. Mr. Chatham has gone to Williamsburg, Pa., to see Mr. John G. Clarke.

Miss Warren, of Albany, is anxious to know the address of Mrs. James Lewis.

PHILADELPHIA.

A Banquet on Gallaudet Day.

KILLED BY A TROLLEY CAR.

On the Rostrum -- On the Gridiron--About Town.

News Items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

We are able to announce now that Gallaudet Day will be celebrated by a banquet, as usual, this year. This was decided, on Sunday, by a representative committee, composed of as follows:

Mr. S. G. DAVIDSON, Chairman, representing the deaf at large.

Mr. A. J. SULLIVAN, representing the Catholic De l'Epee Association.

Mr. J. S. REIDER, representing the Clero Literary Association.

Beyond the fact that it is the desire of the committee to make the event as popular a possible, no definite arrangements can be announced at this writing. Watch the next and succeeding JOURNALS for particulars.

However, we may say now that the question of admitting ladies to the banquet, has been decided in the negative. Due consideration was given the question. It was admitted that the ladies would make agreeable company; that their presence would place restraints upon a public banquet, which might be beneficial, or even desirable; and that their admittance would add greatly to the beauty and magnitude of the commemoration. But, on the other hand, it was argued that greater reasons made it absolutely inadvisable to admit ladies to a promiscuous banquet. The committee could not alter the rules of etiquette to suit its lady friends, and it doubted that a decent woman desired to attend a banquet, where most of the members might be unknown to her. It could not take the responsibility of affording others an opportunity to cause remarks made about fancied or real improprieties in connection with the banquet. A banquet, at which the composition is likely to be one-third of ladies and two-thirds of gentlemen, is highly inelegant. As it is to be a public banquet, and not a select one, a portion of the ladies would likely be without escorts, which should make their attendance undesirable. Lastly, but not least, the presence of the ladies would put too great restraints upon the gentlemen to whom smoking is as great a pleasure as eating ice-cream is to the ladies, and who feel that, having the right to indulge in the pleasure at home, on the street and at the club, they ought not to be prevented from enjoying the simple luxury at a function, to which they have more right than the ladies, and especially as most all banquets are wound up in smoke.

Let it be understood that the above statements, while based upon the committee's action, should be considered as our own, as no authority was given us to speak for the committee.

We regret that the committee saw fit to disappoint the ladies, but believe it was unavoidable. Of course, they might have decided on some other form of celebration, but the will of the majority usually rules, and in this instance the cry was for a banquet. If the ladies are truly anxious to honor Gallaudet after the fashion of the gentlemen, why don't they get up a banquet of their own? To be sure, a banquet is not the only way by which to commemorate Gallaudet Day.

We would suggest that next year the ladies of All Souls' Church arrange a popular supper for all who care to pay the price per plate, and devote whatever of the proceeds may be left to the needs of the Church. Or, if they wish to avoid the excitement and labor of preparation, they can hire a caterer who would charge a certain sum per head, and then not worry a bit. Try either way, and if successful, it might give the death blow to the "banquet habit" of men.

The Evening Telegraph of to-day (Nov. 12th.) reports the following sad case:

Andrew Morrissey, thirty-one years old, of No. 2549 East Somerset Street, died yesterday morning at the Episcopal Hospital from injuries received by being struck by a trolley car on Saturday night.

Everybody in Richmond knew "Deaf Andy," as Morrissey was familiarly known. Deaf and dumb, Andy lived for his old mother's sake alone, and the people of Richmond grew to admire the man, who, notwithstanding his infirmity, went regularly to his work every morning on the Port Richmond coal piers. Of course Andy couldn't greet his friends with a pleasant "Good morning" or "How do you do?" but he always had a smile that went straight to the heart of everyone, and a look that conveyed a depth of meaning. Andy was glad that he could work for his mother and provide for the table in the little house on Somerset street.

Andy seemed particularly happy when he left home Saturday evening. He was conscious of the fact that he had completed a full week of hard, honest work, at the wharves. He spent a couple of hours along Frankford avenue, looking at the gayly decorated windows, and at ten o'clock he started home. He walked down Somerset street, and at Belgrade street started to cross the car tracks. He did not see a trolley car rushing down the street, and the motor-man clanged his gong upon senseless ears. Seeing the danger of the man in the middle of the tracks, the motor-man applied the brakes, but too late, and Andy was hurled beneath the wheels and horribly mangled. Sergeant Sykes, of the 24th district, was a passenger upon the car, and with several other men he dragged the mangled form from beneath the wheels.

Mrs. Morrissey was prostrated when she heard of the accident that had befallen her son, but hastened to the hospital and was with Andy when he died.

Old Mrs. Morrissey sits by her son's coffin to-day, and in the soft glow of the flickering candles weeps for the afflicted man who was her dear child.

Rev. J. M. Koehler lectured on "China and the Chinese," before the Clero Literary Association, on Thursday evening, eighth of November. A good sized audience was present in spite of the disagreeable weather. Mr. Koehler is an exceptionally good "talker," and his talk was quite in keeping with his previous ones in point of interest, humor and instruction. Mr. W. F. Durian has been appointed Vice-President of the Association in place of Mr. T. E. Jones, resigned.

Mr. R. M. Ziegler will deliver a reading before the Association, on the 15th inst., and a literary exercise will be held on the 22d. On December 6th, Mr. George T. Sanders will give a reading of "Ben Hur."

On Saturday afternoon, November 10th, the P. I. D. foot-ball team of the Mt. Airy School, scored one of its greatest victories by defeating the Defender team, at Chester, Pa. The latter seemed more than a match for their silent rivals, and they are reported not to have lost a single game during the past four years. The plucky boys of Mt. Airy, undaunted by their record, pitted against them with all their might and skill, and won by the handsome score of 6 to 0. This Waterloo was the cause of unusual rejoicing by the victors. Quite a number of deaf witnessed the game. Following are the names of some:—

Mr. and Mrs. John Tarry, and Miss Fannie Tarry, of Upland; Miss Dowling, also of Upland; Miss M. McGonigle, of Chester; Miss N. Lynch and sister, of Magnolia; Mr. and Mrs. A. J. McGahn, Mr. Chas. F. Stiles, Miss Bessie S. Matthews, and Mr. Joseph Mayer, Jr., all of Philadelphia; Mr. Wisler, of Wayne Junction; Messrs. J. McLaughlin, J. McEvilly, C. Partington, and McCauley, all of Chester. Next Saturday, 17th, the P. I. D. team will play at Norristown, Pa.

Miss Grace Koehler wishes us to announce that the proposed Fair, in aid of All Souls' Mission, will be held on the afternoon and evening of December 5th, at Calvary Church, Manheim and Pulaski Ave., Germantown. It is hoped that the deaf will assist it in all ways possible. Let all who can make it a point to attend a part of the short time that it will be open, and thus encourage the young ladies, who deserve it abundantly.

The young and last child of Mrs. John H. Sands, died last week.

At All Souls' Church, on Sunday, 11th., Rev. J. M. Koehler baptized Della Irene Wismer and her infant, Mary Price. Mr. and Mrs. Wismer were their child's sponsors and Mrs. Milton Reedmeyer was witness for Mrs. Wismer.

Mr. John Roach, of Nicetown, visited the Trenton School for the Deaf, last Sunday, and reports a very pleasant time.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mayer, Jr., received a very pleasant surprise, last week, by a visit of Mrs. Mayer's sister-in-law, who had just arrived from Germany.

The larder of Mr. and Mrs. T. Mondeau was replenished last week with a barrel of apples, several rabbits, cabbages and other farm products, with which Mr. Mondeau's mother in Bucks County desired to remember them. O, how our mouth waters!

Mr. Howard E. Arnold saw the play of "Ben Hur," at the Chestnut Street Theatre, last Thursday evening, and enjoyed it greatly. Howard spent Saturday and Sunday, 10th and 11th, visiting friends at Port Kennedy, Pa.

William A. Church was a visitor at All Souls' on Sunday. He returned to Cape May to-day (Monday).

William Johnson, who is suffering from pulmonary trouble, expects to be admitted to the Rush Hospital to-day, 12th. He made what he believes his last visit to All Souls' on Sunday.

Harry Smith was the recipient of a telegram from Gardner, Mass., on Monday, from his old foreman, now Superintendent of a large publishing house in that city. He offered Mr. Smith a steady and lucrative position, he to have charge of the advertising department of a daily paper. Mr. Smith is still undecided as yet, but he is inclined to stick to Philadelphia, as it is more convenient to his parental home.

J. S. R.

A JOURNAL reader would like to know what has become of Mrs. Robert Lee, nee Mary King-Sinclair, formerly of Indianapolis. Can any of the JOURNAL readers give her address in these columns?

Where is C. Vincent Warren, who some years ago managed *Puritan's Relief*? Our friends would like to know if he is still in the land of the living.

When a deaf-mute makes love it's a case of silence in the court.

OHIO.

Still Another Victory for the Pigskin Warriors.

A SOCIAL IN CINCINNATI.

Boys Husking Corn at the Home--Other Notes.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 908 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

The election is over, the verdict given, and one of Ohio's sons will preside four years more over the destinies of the nation. Everybody now feels happy, not as to the result, but that the contest is over, and that charges and counter-charges, bitterness and misstatements, reflections and defamatory editorials on rivals, are for the time eliminated from the newspapers, and people given more healthy and interesting reading matter.

Several of the pupils went home to exercise the right of suffrage, and on election night the High and Intermediate class boys were allowed to go up town to witness the results displayed at a number of places.

The Cincinnati deaf, not to be outdone by those of other sections, inaugurated the social season last Saturday evening, and the *Enquirer* has the following account of it in its Sunday issue:

A pleasant party was tendered the members of the Anderson Deaf-Mute Club last Saturday evening, at Mr. and Mrs. Gae's residence, Norwood, Ohio, in honor of their son Michael's birthday. After a dainty repast, games were indulged in. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Joe Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Wittrock, Mr. and Mrs. I. Woodruff, Mrs. Dunder, and Misses Frances Gae, Clara and Maud Ellerhorst, Gully Norderman, Drusilla Buchanan, Lizzie Goetz, Elizabeth Armstrong, Emma Miller, Hattie Frank, Gertrude Smith, Margaret Langdon, Maud Holiday, Mary Finerty, Estelle Wode, Lillian Fisher, Ella Habig, and Jessie Taylor, and Messrs. Howard Gae, Thomas Gae, Witsheir Oxley, John Louis Felix, John Hahn, Joe Goldberg, Louis Bachelier, Frank Ellerhorst, Herman Elkins, Harry O'Donnell, John Lowther, John Geizer, August Bos, Emil Hoffman, Edward Herr, Fred Meinhardt, James Woolley, David J. Breccout, John Sutter, Geo. McQuaid and Charles Itskin.

Our football team came home from Delaware Saturday evening with flying colors. They had met the 2d team of the Ohio Wesleyan University on the gridiron, and captured them by the score of 17 to 6. The game was quite fast, and our boys showed the big fellows that they knew how to handle the pigskin. Messrs. Zell, Ohlemacher and Reynolds, went along with the team to root for them, and Mr. Frank Smielau as umpire. A number of pupils, or those who could furnish a wheel, biked up. There were half a dozen of them, and one or two got stranded on the way up or back.

Miss Laverna Carr, who was visiting in the town, Mr. Bert Wornstaff, of Ashley, and Frank Cook, were spectators of the game.

The club were scheduled to play with the Chillicothe team to-day, but the latter for some reason backed out of their agreement, as has also the Lancaster team which our boys were to play next Saturday.

Seven of the pupils kindly offered their services to go up to the Home last Saturday, and put in the day husking corn. They completed the job and got it all cribbed. Mrs. A. Greener and Miss Annie Rodman, as a visiting Committee from the Ladies' Aid Society, were up there too, to inspect the rooms, and ascertain some of the urgent needs in the way of furnishings. They will report the result of their investigation to the society at its meeting on the 15th inst. Mrs. R. P. McGregor accompanied them, going in the interest of the Boyle room. We mentioned in a previous letter the admittance of Mrs. Badenelle and David Ross. Both are delighted with their new home, and the latter stated that he now has peace, for he is not bothered by crazy people as was the case in the County infirmary. Mr. Jones has some fine turkeys for Thanksgiving, and Mr. A. H. Schory has been taking orders for some from the deaf in town for their Thanksgiving dinner.

Winter, or signs of it, became visible this week, for on Thursday morning, there was a flurry of snow, melting soon, however. Later in the day more came, and by evening, Mother Earth was encased in a thin covering of the beautiful.

The Sunday visitors from out of town were: Mr. Frank Philpot, of Ravenna, employed by the Werner Printing Company, of Akron, and Mr. Chas. Osburn, of Xenia, who came over to show some plans for a new barn. He is a builder, and has been kept rushing all season. The electric light plant is about completed. Last evening the Superintendent's office was lighted up for the first time with the new system, and showed quite a contrast from that of gas. The children's dining-room and the yard have for some days been receiving this light.

Mr. August Beckert is back in his old position as Boys' Supervisor, thus relieving Mr. Ohlemacher from the duties, as his entire time is being now taken up with gymnasium teaching.

J. H. B.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Wirth and their children, of Wilkes Barre, visited Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bradley, at Plymouth, on Sunday, November 3d.

Misses Edith and Carrie Evans, of Dana Street, Wilkes Barre, visited Miss Katie Gorton, of Westmoreland, Pa., on Sunday, and returned home by evening. Miss Edith Evans lost her work during her sickness last summer. Her health has improved and she is working in Gallaudet's factory every day. She says, if her health fails, she will go home to Wales, England.

The correspondent was accosted by Mr. Thomas F. Houpt, a brother of Chas. Houpt, of Sunbury, Pa., last Sunday evening. Mr. Houpt said his brother Charles is working in Sunbury. He said that all the deaf-mutes, of Sunbury and Milton were well. He was in Wilkes Barre for a few days.

It is reported that Mr. Charles Houpt will be married to Miss Carrie Alwine, of Harrisburg, Pa., in December.

Mr. and Mrs. James Byron, of Logan Street, Wilkes Barre, called on Mr. and Mrs. John Reilly, of Pittston, last Sunday. Mr. James is working for a contractor and builder, E. T. Long, of Wilkes Barre.

Last Sunday Messrs. John Barth and Harry Leibsohn, of Wilkes Barre, and Mr. Reid, of Pittston, were at Scranton, to visit their deaf-mute friends. All had a good time.

Mrs. Collins Sawhill, of Brad-dock, Pa., left for home on the 7th inst., after a week's pleasant visit with Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Sawhill, of Taylorstown, Pa. Mr. C. Sawhill came over Saturday to spend Sunday, and the party had a grand time, not counting a toothsome chicken dinner prepared by the hostess in most approved style.

Messrs. Frank Jones and Elmer Elsey are having their ten days' vacation, and are putting in the time hunting, the former over in Fairfield County, and the latter up in Harden County. Rabbits had better keep to their lairs while the boys are about, unless they wish to grace the dinner table.

A. B. G.

Nov. 10, 1900.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

A delighted surprise party was given Mr. C. Barth at his home in Grape Street, Saturday evening, November 3d. About nine o'clock, the guests assembled at Mr. Barth's home. Mr. Barth himself was out, attending a political meeting. When he returned, the lights, which had been lowered, were turned up, revealing a crowd of happy faces. Mr. Barth was very much surprised. After congratulations and the presentation of an elegant rocker by the Pan-American Deaf-Mute Fishing Club, of which Mr. Barth is a member, all started in to have a good time.

Music was furnished for dancing, and in a short time the floor was cleared, and those who wished were soon lost in the dreamy mazes of the waltz. Some amused themselves with cards and dominoes, while others were to be found in quiet corners, enjoying a friendly chat. There were cake walks, jigs, and games, and altogether the evening was delightfully filled up.

Mr. Leo. Knittel, the famous cake-walker, dancer, and kissing-bug, of Rochester, N. Y., was present, and was the very life of the party, as he was at the Fishing club's Bal-Masque last winter.

Supper was served in an upper room about eleven o'clock. The table was beautifully decorated. A large banquet lamp, softly shaded, was in the center of the table, and at either end were tall slender vases, filled with red and white cyprian-mums and ferns. Mounds of purple and golden fruit placed here and there, completed the picture. A very fine supper. Dancing was resumed, and kept up until all were thoroughly tired out.

Those present, besides Mr. and Mrs. Barth and family, were Mr. and Mrs. William Borinstein, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Klein, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Stafflinger and Mrs. Jacob Stafflinger, Mr. and Mrs. David Newhouse, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schlageter, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Reinlander, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Hanemann, Mr. and Mrs. Matthias Schiffhauer. Mrs. Siegfried Mrs. Plummer, Messrs. Leo Knittel, of Rochester, N. Y., Charles Voss, Joseph Spahn, Michael Schuegger, George Vanderbusch, Robert Watts, Albert Bashor, William L. Haenzel, John Knorr, John Hoefle, Joseph Schaab, Frank Steinka, Walter Wheldon, John Stafflinger, Louis Seelbach, Frank Dobson, John Phillips, Misses Laura Frieburger, Kate Keilner, Meyers, Minnie Schweikhardt, Mary Demp-ski, the Misses Sauter, and Marie G. Hughes.

Mrs. William Borinstein has just returned from a two months visit to Canisteo, N. Y. He reports a fine time.

Mr. Leo. Knittel, of Rochester, N. Y., who has been visiting in Buffalo, N. Y., the past two weeks, returned home Sunday evening.

MIGNON.

WYOMING VALLEY.

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J. H. B.

FANWOOD.

Miss Prudence E. Burchard's Trip Abroad.

AN EXAMPLE OF AURAL TEACHING.

Happenings and Incidents the Past Week.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The Fanwood Literary Association was entertained last Saturday evening, by Miss Prudence E. Burchard with an account of her "Trip Abroad." She gave a historical sketch of her trip abroad last summer. She left New York on the 20th of June, and returned on the 13th of August after having traveled through England, Germany, France, Switzerland and Scotland. She gave accounts of places of interest in these countries that she had visited. One thing that she found trouble with was the language of the countries. She could not speak them, and could not make the people understand what she wanted. The lecture was very interesting, and a vote of thanks was given to Miss Burchard at the conclusion of her lecture.

The following letter was received by one of the Institution officers last week. It was from Mr. George Ferguson, a former pupil of Fanwood. He is an example of the results of Aural teaching. His hearing and speech were developed at this school. This comes nearer to being "restored to society" than many of the theoretical claims advanced. That a deaf and dumb boy, for such he was before education, can be so developed as to pass the examination for the United States Regular Army, entitles a school to high commendation.

FORT WOOD, N. Y., Nov. 5, 1900.

MY DEAR FRIEND—I hope you are all well and I am well too. I am sorry that I cannot come to see you all. We all are going to leave you. We will all about 2 o'clock in afternoon. I tried to get my picture taken and send as many as I can. I wanted to make honor for me. Don't you write to me until I get there and don't you forget me. I send my best regards to you all. Your loving friend,

PRIVATE GEORGE FERGUSON.

A delivery wagon belonging to Simpson, Crawford & Simpson, was coming down the Institution drive on Tuesday afternoon at about two o'clock, when the breeching strap, a part of the harness, gave away. The horse became frightened and did not know what had happened, as the wagon was on its heels. The driver and Tutor Woodfield, who happened to be nearby, quickly quieted the horse into its right senses. They found the horse had sustained a number of severe bruises and deep cuts on its hind legs. The animal was taken to a veterinary surgeon. The wagon had quite a number of parcels and could not be left alone, so Cadet Rau was called upon to watch the wagon until the driver returned. The driver, we understand, is now congratulating himself for not having received any injuries.

During the evenings, at the hour from six to seven o'clock, the boys are at their leisure. They occupy most of their time during

Ranald Douglas.

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Etchings on Copper
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[ANNIVERSARY COMMEMORATION OF ISAAC LEWIS PEET.]

of the

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THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 6, 1900,

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

MUSIC BY SAUSE.

Tickets, ~ (including hat check) ~ 50c. each.

ARRANGEMENT COMMITTEE :

THOMAS FRANCIS FOX, Chairman,
EMANUEL SOUWEINE, FREDERICK W. MEINKEN.

1886

1901

THE DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE

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All the
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BALL

AT THE
"Tuxedo"

Madison Ave. and 50th Street.

Handsome Souvenirs for the Ladies.

Saturday Evening, January 5, 1901

AT NINE O'CLOCK.

Music by Mr. Lester Hirsch.

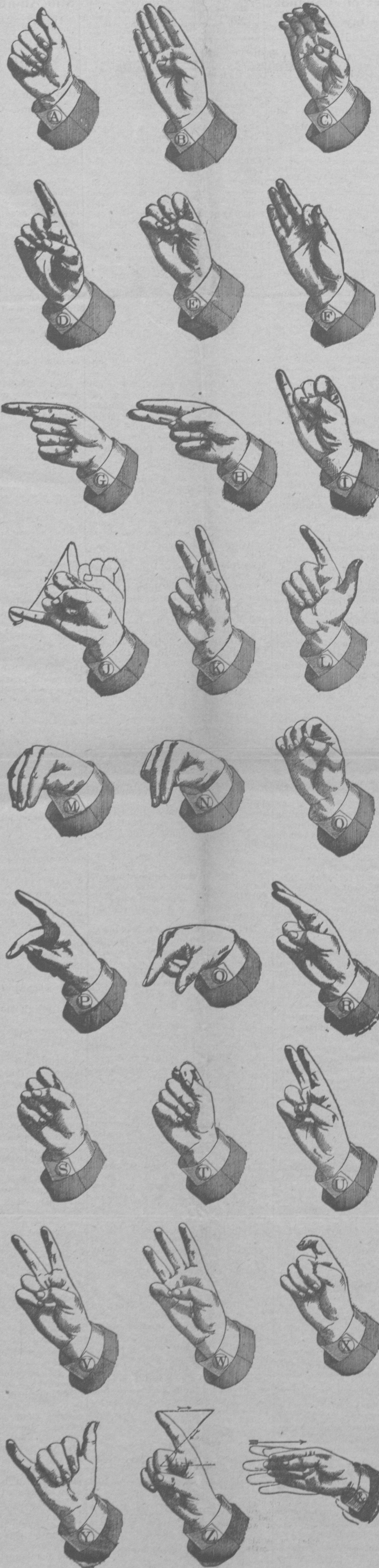
\$1.00 Each, Including Supper
and Wardrobe Check.

You can obtain tickets from our Ball Committee, as follows :—

Chairman F. Simonson, 78 East 81st Street, N. Y.
Moses W. Loew, 10 Amsterdam Avenue, N. Y.
Jacob Keibey, 869 First Avenue, N. Y.
William G. Gilbert, 485 St. John's Place, Brooklyn.
Treasurer S. Frankenheim, 531 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

Notice—Positively no tickets will be sold at the door.

American Manual Alphabet.



GRAND ANNUAL BALL OF THE NEW JERSEY Deaf-Mute Society

FEBRUARY 21, 1901

JACOBY'S HALL,
Newark, N. J.

The Committee,
J. B. WARD, Chairman.

[Particulars later.]

PACH BROS.

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1900

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Empire State Association.

A—In front of St. Mary's
B—At Long Branch, N. Y.

8x10, 11x14 mount, carbon finish \$1.00 each
Also, 8x10, plain mount and finish, 75c "

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Carbon finish, - \$1.50 | Silver finish, - \$1.25
Plain, by express at purchaser's expense, 1.00

Geo. C. Sawyer,
New England Agent,
Everett, Mass.

C. T. Murphy,
New York Agent,
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Syracuse, N. Y.

OR

ALEX. L. PACH, Representative.

935 B'way, N. Y.

Groups

OR SINGLE PICTURES

with scenery, or house as back-
ground, a specialty.

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River, cor. Hoosick Street,
TROY, N. Y.

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THE AKOUPHONE

enables the partially and totally

DEAF TO HEAR.

INVENTED BY

M. R. Hutchison.

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physicians who have seen them. Cannot do
any injury to the ear.
All persons of defective hearing are invit-
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Basket Ball

Saturday Evening,
Nov. 24, at 8:30

COLONIALS

vs.

ALLIANCE Basket Ball Team
Of Harlem.

CLARENDON A. C. (Brooklyn),

vs.

THE "SILENT FIVE"
Basket Ball Team.

Two big games! One admission!

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